MERRIMACK MAGAZINE
AND
LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

PUBLISHED BY *WHITTINGHAM & JOHN GILMAN*, NEWBURYPORT.

No. 25.] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1806. [Vol. I.

Miscellaneous Selections.

"*Various*, that the mind—ſtudious of change
"And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd."

PHILOCLES AND PANTHEA.

THE celebrated Duke de la Rochefoucault has discovered, in his "Moral Reflections," a profound knowledge of the human heart; but none of his MAXIMS appear to me to be more juſt than the following:

"Absence may extinguiſh weak paſſions; but it adds new force to the ſtrong; juſt as the wind which puts out a little fire, makes a great one burn with double fury."

The juſtness of this obſervation will appear evidently from the following story, the truth of which I can vouch for, and the probability of which nobody will call in queſtion.

PHILOCLES, a young gentleman of a conſiderable fortune, and remarkable for his perſonal beauty, was diſtinguiſhed from the moſt of his age and condition by a ſingular turn of character. He looked upon love as a paſſion ſo dangerous, that he formed a reſolution to ſhun every woman that had inſpired him with a growing paſſion. It was cuſtomary with him to argue in this manner: Pleaſure reſembles fire; at a certain diſtance it warms us; but we cannot make a near approach without being burned.

Having made his determination, he behaved in ſuch a manner to the ladies, that he ſoon acquired the reputation of a Daffodil, as he did not appear to give any preference to one above another. However, as his indifference was owing to principle, and not conſtitution, it did not long continue. It ſoon gave way to the prevailing charms of Florinda; and Philocles unknown to himſelf, behaved to her often in ſuch a particular manner, as drew upon her the envy of moſt of her female acquaintance, and was to her a matter of the higheſt triumph. Her joy, however, was ſoon turned into ſorrow, when ſhe was informed that Philocles was gone to France, thinking the air of Paris might have efficacy enough to cure him of his love; an opinion in which he was not deceived.

After a few months reſidence in that gay place, which ſeems to be conſecrated to pleaſure, and ſeveral intrigues with ladies of faſhion, whoſe ſentiments agreed exactly with his, and conſidered love as a tranſient amuſement, which ſhould never be carried to a ſerious attachment, returned to England, and heard, with the utmoſt indifference, that Florinda had in his abſence been married to a peer. This intelligence did not diſpleaſe him, as he was now ſecure from her reproaches.

Philocles, with a heart entirely diſengaged, reſumed his former courſe of life, and gave himſelf up entirely to pleaſure and diſſipation. But ſoon a firſt rate beauty effected what one of an inferior order could not do. Panthea, the luſtre of whoſe eyes could be equalled by nothing but the gracefulneſs and majeſty of her perſon, ſoon excited emotions in the breaſt of Philocles, which, though much ſtronger than thoſe he had felt before, ſo far bore a reſemblance to them, that he could eaſily perceive traces of his former paſſion, and therefore reſolved to be upon his guard.

He, however, could not immediately reſolve to deprive himſelf of the pleaſure of ſeeing and converſing with Panthea, and every new interview contributed to add new fuel to the flame of love, with which his heart now glowed, which throbbed in all his veins. Each time he ſaw her appeared to him the firſt; and it is highly probable he would have entirely forgot his reſolution, had it not been for a weakneſs which no man is entirely free from. He could not ſtand the ridicule of his circle of acquaintance, before whom he had often declared his intentions, and boaſted of his reſolution to act in conſequence. Falſe ſhame had as much influence over Philocles as over moſt men. He immediately reſolved to abſent himſelf, and accordingly went to Venice. But the image of his dear Panthea could not ſo eaſily be effaced from his mind. Her idea haunted him both day and night: and this, with a ſenſe of his own weakneſs, in ſacrificing real happineſs to the opinion of men unworthy of his eſteem, had ſuch an effect on him, that he was ſeized with a violent fever. His life was almoſt deſpaired of; and it is probable he would not have recovered, had not a reſolution which he inſtantly formed to return to England, and the hope of ſeeing his beloved Panthea again, contributed more to reſtore his health than all the aſſiſtance of his phyſicians.

Upon his return to England, Panthea, who had taken offence at his inconſiſtency, for ſome time declined ſeeing him; but being ſoon after informed that he had fallen dangerouſly ill, her paſſion took the aſcendant, and ſhe went to ſee him. He was in a ſhort time reſtored to health, and owed his recovery entirely to the viſits of Panthea, which were frequent.

Panthea having now diſcovered her heart, no longer made any difficulty of admitting his addreſſes, and in a few months afterwards they were married.

Philocles is now become an example of conſtancy and his attachment to Panthea is equal to the ardor of her affection for him.

MARIANNE DES HAYES.

[THE following affecting story is extracted from the *Female Revolutionary Plutarch*, a work which gives many striking portraits of the victims and agents of that dreadful subversion of monarchy and morals in France, the consequences of which will long be a source of trouble and misery to every part of Europe.] *Lond. pap.*

AMONG the many other perſons whoſe aſhes reposed in its vicinity were thoſe of Marianne Des Hayes. She had particularly manifeſted a determined reſolution not to ſurvive thoſe dreadful times, and the loſs of every thing that made life ſupportable. On account of her youth, her beauty, her accompliſhments, her misfortunes, and her fortitude, ſhe had excited uncommon intereſt, univerſal compaſſion, and a well merited admiration.

The French Revolutionary aſſaſſins, calling themſelves republicans, had murdered in one day, her grandfather and grandmother, two aunts, her father, her mother, two brothers, and a ſiſter, with her huſband. She had been driven out of her paternal dwelling, which the aſſaſſins of her family had ſeized and occupied without moleſtation. All theſe terrible diſaſters overtook her before ſhe was fourteen. In vain did ſhe look for conſolation

from religion, for the support of friends, or the pity of the public. The churches were all shut, the priests all banished or murdered. All who esteemed her, or only knew her parents and relatives had shared the same fate; and the calamities which oppressed every class of society, hardened the hearts even of the most tender. Selfishness, fear, or apathy, excluded all other feelings. Those who were encompassed with gibbets and executioners, with robbers and assassins, with famine, death and desolation, cared but little for any other individuals than themselves, or rather, were indifferent to every thing, even to their own existence. They all numbered their days like respited criminals, over whose head the sword of the law was suspended by a hair, and whom it threatened to strike every moment.

Thus situated poor Marianne presented herself before those sanguinary Judges by whose ferocity she had become a solitary, hopeless, destitute, and almost starving outcast of society. These barbarians had after a sitting of three hours, just sentenced 30 individuals to be guillotined and 132 to be shot. They were going to dine in peace with their accomplices, tools and prostitutes, when Marrianne called out to them, "Citizens, for charity's sake, accept of one more victim! You have already dispatched my grand-parents, my parents, my brothers, my sisters, and relatives. Of three generations of my family I am the only survivor! What can I do alone in the world? I detest myself and the universe. Put a period to my wretchedness. For humanity's sake condemn me to death!" It was on her knees, and bathed with her tears, that she thus addressed them.—Courchand, one of the judges, and the most humane of these monsters, observed, that she was too young for their tribunal.—"O," said she, "you have executed many much younger, why should you spare me, only tell me by what act I can merit death, I shall perpetrate it instantly!" "Well," answered the president, Parein, ironically, "if you call out, *Vive le Roi*, your business shall be done at once, and you shall soon be dispatched." The hall immediately resounded with her voice, crying out—*Vive le Roi, Vive le Roi, Vive le Roi.*—"Carry her to the guillotine with the other rebels and fanatics," said Parein to the Gens d'Armes. "O, how happy you make me," retorted Marianne. "God be praised! I shall no longer see or suffer from all these enormities." She flew towards the scaffold, embraced the executioner, and asked him eagerly to let her die first. "I am," said she, "the most miserable being on earth, and shall be the most happy in Heaven!" In half a minute her head was separated from her body, and she was a corpse.

Before she went to the tribunal she had distributed among other distressed orphans every thing she had, even part of her wearing apparel, preserving only enough to cover herself decently. According to a whole length portrait of her, exhibited at Lyons, in 1796, she was rather tall and grown for her age, with blue eyes, a Roman nose, fair hair, and an elegant shape. Her face, if not flattered by the artist, was one of the most handsome of her sex, expressive of melancholy, but also of resignation.

DEFINITION OF WISDOM.

CICERO, (than whom no man was a better judge, for no man more earnestly fought, or better understood the true nature of wisdom; no man, I mean, of the heathen world,) Cicero has given nearly this definition of wisdom. "What," said he, is more desirable than wisdom? what more excellent in itself? what more useful to man, or more worthy his pursuit?—They who earnestly seek for it are called philosopers, for philosophy, in the strict sense of the word, is no other than the love of wisdom; but wisdom, as designed by the ancient philosophers, is the knowledge of things divine and human, and of their efficient causes, the study of which whoever despises, I know not what he can think worthy of his approbation. For, whether you seek for an agreeable amusement, or a relaxation from care, what can be comparable to those studies which are always searching out for something that may tend to make life more easy and happy? Are you desirous of learning the principles of fortitude and virtue? This, or none beside is the art by which you may acquire them. They who affirm that there is no art in things of the greatest moment, while nothing, even the most trifling, is attained without the aid of art, are men of no reflection, and guilty of the grossest error? But if there is any science of virtue, where shall it be learned, if not in the school of this wisdom?"

An ignorant, idle man, is a dead weight on society; a wicked, profligate man, is a pest, is a nuisance to society: but a wise and virtuous man, who labors by all means in his power to advance the universal good, to improve the knowledge and the happiness of mankind is at once an ornament to his nature, and a blessing to the community; a good planet shining with a benign influence on all around him; the truest resemblance of his God, whose goodness is continually displaying itself through the whole extent of being, and, like that God, seeking pleasure in conferring good, and feeling happiness according to the degree in which he communicates it.

ROUSSEAU.

TASTE and elegance, though they are reckoned among the smaller and secondary morals, are of no mean importance in the regulation of life. A moral taste is not of force to turn vice into virtue; but it recommends virtue with something, like the blandishment of pleasure, and it infinitely abates the evils of vice. Rousseau, a writer of equal force and vivacity, is totally destitute of taste in any sense of the word. Your masters, who are his scholars, conceive that all refinement has an aristocratic character. The last age had exhausted all its powers in giving a grace and noblenes to our natural appetites, and in raising them into a higher class and order, than seemed justly to belong to them. Through Rousseau your masters are resolved to destroy these aristocratic prejudices. The passion called love, has so general and powerful an influence; it makes so much of entertainment, and indeed so much of the occupation of that part of life, which decides the character for ever, that the modes and the principles on which it engages the sympathy and strikes the imagination, become of the utmost importance to the morals and manners of every society. Your rulers were well aware of this, and in their system of changing your manners, to accommodate them to their politics, they found nothing so convenient, as Rousseau.—Through him they teach men to love after the fashion of philosophers; that is, they teach men, FRENCHMEN, a love without any thing of that fine flower of youthfulness and gentility, which places it, if not among the virtues, among the ornaments of life. Instead of this passion, naturally allied to grace and manners, they infuse into their youth an unfashioned, indelicate, sour, gloomy, ferocious medley of pedantry and lewdness; of metaphysical speculation, blended with the coarsest sensuality. Such is the general morality of the passions to be found in their famous philosopher in his famous work of philosophic gallantry, the NOUVELLE ELOISE.

[*Letter to a Member of the National Assembly.*

PROPENSITIES OF MANKIND.

THE propensities of mankind too frequently overpower their judgment, and bear them away in a course, which reason does not direct. This has been the case ever since the creation of man, and must unavoidably so continue until a reformation in his nature and constitution takes place. It cannot be otherwise, and man sustain the same rank in existence, which he now does. One link in the grand chain of universal creation would be destroyed should the propensities of man be changed, and he be made to possess different inclinations from what he does at present.

There is a beautiful ſubordination of parts from the Almighty himſelf to the minuteſt of inſects. Of the parts ſuperior to us, we have but a blind conception; of the parts inferior, we can converſe with more certainty. Although our knowledge of this inferior, irrational part, is narrow and confined, yet we are able to diſcern a certain fitneſs agreeable to the doctrine of a due ſubordination of things. The different ſpecies of animals with which we are acquainted manifeſtly declare this. We cannot build any probable, conſiſtent ſyſtem of exiſtence in another way. Here we can behold a proper adaptation of the works of Omnipotence. Here we can look with aſtoniſhment, and admire the profound wiſdom of the grand Architect. This creation is a diſplay of the energies of a firſt cauſe, and the foreſight of a divine and beneficent Maker.

No human power is capable of creating one particle of matter. A combination of the wiſdom of ages cannot enlarge this globe by the addition of a ſingle, new atom. But the powers of a GOD could call into being worlds innumerable, and adapt them to his divine pleaſure with infinite eaſe. Of the immenſity of his power we cannot conceive, neither can we comprehend all his works. Did we hold a higher ſtation in exiſtence, we ſhould underſtand more, but loſe the name of man—we ſhould be nearer our Maker, but deprived of our preſent propenſities.

AMASIS AND THE MILESIAN PHILOSOPHER.

THE celebrated Mileſian philoſopher, illuſtrious as the founder of the Ionic ſchool, having received the following queſtions from Amaſis, king of Egypt, ſent theſe anſwers to all of them.

Wouldſt thou be informed *what is oldeſt?* It is *God*, becauſe he is a being from eternity. Wouldſt thou know *what is greateſt?* It is *Space;* for the world contains all things, but that contains the world. Wouldſt thou be ſatisfied *what is faireſt?* It is the *Earth;* becauſe it is exquiſitely contrived and arranged. Wouldſt thou be told *what is wiſeſt?* It is *Time;* becauſe it diſcovers the moſt ſecret tranſactions. Wouldſt thou be acquainted with *what is common to all men?* It is *Hope;* for when every poſſeſſion is gone, that abides with us. Doſt thou aſk *what is beſt?* It is *Virtue*, for it ſweetens the enjoyments of life. Doſt thou aſk *what is worſt?* It is *Vice*, for it corrupts every good. Doſt thou enquire *what is ſtrongeſt?* It is *Neceſſity;* becauſe that alone is invincible. Doſt thou enquire *what is moſt agreeable?* It is to *obey the dictates of Virtue*, and follow the ends ſhe has marked out.

FOR THE MERRIMACK MAGAZINE.

MESSRS. GILMANS,

THE merits of the following elegant trifle of literature *are conſpicuous. As the peruſal of it, in a Philadelphia publication, has given much ſatisfactory pleaſure to your friend and correſpondent, permit me to requeſt its inſertion in the Cabinet. Yours, &c.*

ANTIPEDANT.

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EDUCATION.

Extract from an Addreſs delivered by JAMES A. NEAL, A.M. Principal of the Young Ladies Academy of Philadelphia, on Sunday evening, April 8, 1804.

To fulfil with faithfulneſs all the duties aſſigned us, and then humbly to look to God for a bleſſing upon our exertions, is the true key to temporal and eternal happineſs. Nothing, as an elegant writer obſerves, is ſo inconſiſtent with the true enjoyment of life, as the relaxed and feeble ſtate on an indolent mind. In vain will thoſe look for reſpect, ſerenity of mind, or the glorious and triumphant conſolations which the proſpect of a bliſsful immortality affords, who are inattentive to their ſeveral duties in life. *Induſtry is the law of Nature and of God;* and no young perſon can violate it with impunity. A cloſe and perſevering attention to ſtudy, carries with it a rich and abundant reward; and habit makes it more and more pleaſing and grateful to the ingenuous heart. The ſweet internal conſciouſneſs of doing your duty, the well grounded aſſurance of an ample retribution, the approbation of your parents, relations, and friends, and of all the good and virtuous, and above all, the approving ſmiles of your Creator, all conſpire, to animate, encourage, expand and gladden the heart.

Virtuous knowledge, my dear pupils, can ſcarcely be over rated, or ſought after with too much ardor. Next to the beauty of holineſs, it ought to hold the firſt place in our eſtimation. I have often derived very ſingular pleaſure from the belief, that real ſcience is imperiſhable. That our attainments here are the firſt though faint and imperfect rudiments of that celeſtial knowledge which will continue to flouriſh, expand and bloſſom to all eternity. This ſentiment has been cheriſhed by many, and the idea I think by no means unreaſonable. It is certainly a ſtrong ſtimulus to exertion. In the ſame proportion that knowledge is to be eſtimated, ignorance is to be deplored. Knowledge conducts its votaries to whatever is valuable, uſeful and amiable or intereſting, in human life; whilſt ignorance too often leads its gloomy and unhappy captives to ſcenes of outrage, deception and degradation. Zeal without knowledge is ſaid to be blind. It is indeed ſometimes the moſt baleful ſpecies of blindneſs. The clouded and benighted mind for example, often lights upon ſome opinion, graſps it with infuriate ardor, and clings to it with unrelenting fondneſs. It matters not whether the favorite be conſonant with reaſon and humanity; a total inability to examine its fitneſs, precludes a temperate inveſtigation.—It is, however, an adopted child of the fancy, and therefore more precious. Foſtered by an erring, and perhaps a fervid imagination, it becomes an infallible ſtandard of truth. Such zeal, is not unfrequently a murderous phrenzy. Directed by wicked, deſigning and ambitious men, it becomes a devouring flame! It drags the innocent victim to the ſtake, lights the faggots, and exalts in the expiring agony of the martyr.

The gloom of intolerance, bigotry and perſecution, is always diſperſed before the mild radiance of virtuous knowledge, its influence is enlivening and benign. It cheers and animates even the inhabitants of the bleak and inhoſpitable mountains; inſpiring them with tender emotions, heroic ſentiments, and rational devotion. *The human form divine*, when poliſhed, refined, and deepiy imbued with devotional ſentiments, beams intelligence, and aſſerts its native dignity. It looks beyond this world, penetrates into futurity, expatiates upon celeſtial and unſeen glories, and exults in the idea of a triumphal immortality. It is either counterfeit ſcience, or ſcience, grafted upon the moſt depraved heart, that can promote principles of infidelity, and I heſitate not to ſay, that the proper and legitimate purſuits of knowledge has a direct and moſt happy tendency to prepare the mind for the reception of divine truths. *There is a charm in knowledge which not only brightens the morning of life, but diffuſes a pleaſing ſerenity over the evening of our days.*——Now to ſpend, or rather miſpend your ineſtimably precious time, in idleneſs, in diſſipation, in folly or in vice, will aſſuredly deſtroy your chance for temporal happineſs, and may ſeal your everlaſting deſtination. Value duly and improve therefore the privileges you enjoy.

The preſent period of life is ineſtimably precious, though tranſient, and gone forever. No ſighs, nor repentant tears, can recal a point of time elapſed. Conſtantly bear in mind, I entreat you, and let the idea ſink deep into your hearts, that all external beauty is fleeting and tranſitory; but that the ornaments of the mind, *inward greatneſs, unaffected wiſdom, and ſanctity of manners*, will accompany you to the extreme verge of life, be ſtrong in death, and will add a reſplendent luſtre to your crown of rejoicing! Oh, how affecting, how important, and how animating are theſe conſiderations! How ought they to riſe above the labors of dreſs, the oſtentation of the perſon, and all the *pompous ſuperficial nothings* of parade, glitter, etiquette and ſhow! *What can be compared to the pleaſures of reaſon, of reflection, the ſweets of benevolence and piety, all pure, all ſpiritual, as exquiſite in the enjoyment, as exalted and durable in their nature.*

PRINTING.

DURING the Pope's late reſidence at Paris, the utmoſt homage was paid him by numerous exhibitions to explain the progreſs of the uſeful arts in that country. One circumſtance, however, but little known, though unparalleled in the annals of Printing, deſerves to be recorded: On the firſt of February, His Holineſs viſited the Imperial Printing-office.—As he paſſed along the galleries, *one hundred and fifty* preſſes furniſhed him as he paſſed, with a ſheet each, upon which was given the Lord's Prayer in ſome different language or dialect. In Hebrew, Samaritan, Chaldee, ancient Syriac, Rabinical ancient and vulgar Arabic, Armenian, Perſian, and all the languages and letters of the Crimea, of the Malay, of Java, of Indoſtan, of the Mogul Empire, of China, and of Tartary; in all 46 dialects of Aſia. We cannot enumerate all the European languages and dialects, but they amounted to 75. Africa furniſhed 18—and America the remaining 17. The reputation of the French preſs is well known, and the conſtant attention paid by that nation to the art of Printing, even amidſt their revolutionary horrors, enabled them to paſs before the eyes of the Roman Pontiff, whatever has been employed to improve and enrich the moſt uſeful art known to man.

APHORISMS—HONOR is a commercial virtue; it multiplies and reproduces itſelf, in proportion as it is practiſed.

Avarice is criminal poverty.

Poetry.

SELECTED

FOR THE MERRIMACK MAGAZINE.

FEMALE EXCELLENCE.

To Mrs. B******.

Lady do you wish to know,
Where the choicest blessings grow?
In a cottage plain and neat,
The muses and the graces seat;
Where contentment gilds the cell,
And the social virtues dwell;
Where a happy pair reside,
Free from avarice or pride—
Whose enjoyments all refin'd,
Sooth and elevate the mind.

Serena is the fair one's name,
Nor does she from ancestry claim,
A long descent of noble blood,
But only habits plain and good.
No carriage rolls for her its wheels;
No crowd of flatt'rers at her heels;
No pompous foreign robe's display,
Takes from her shape the charm away;
No envious curtain's thin disguise,
Is drawn to veil her modest eyes:
But in celestial blue array'd,
You'd think from heav'n had come the maid;
And when she strikes the silver lyre,
That still she's of the angelic choir.
Sweet as the face of nature shines,
The glowing picture she designs;
Fair as the copperplate can show
The lines that from her pencil flow.
No land or sea remote or near,
By name unknown assails her ear;
The globe's extent her mind has scann'd
And on a silken chart has plann'd
Nor is one language her's alone:
Tho' best instructed in her own.
The polish'd French she also knows,
And sweetly from her lips it flows.
In short like some attentive bee,
A charm she's stol'n from every tree;
Nor does a source untried remain,
From whence she might instruction gain.

Now let me paint the youth whom fate
Hath destin'd to so fair a mate:
But here the pen arrested stands,
I gaze around the single bands,
And anxious ask what youth shall dare,
With sweet Serena to compare.
None of the host is vainly seen,
To boast his manners or his mien;
But all assist the wreath to twine,
And bid it round her temples shine.

EPIGRAM.

The Latin word for cold one ask'd his friend:
It is, said he—'tis at my finger's end.

SONG.

FROM THE SPANISH.

For me my fair a wreath has wove,
Where rival flowers in union meet;
As oft she kiss'd the gift of love,
Her breath gave sweetness to the sweet.

A bee within a damask rose
Had crept, the nectar'd dew to sip;
But lesser sweets the thief foregoes,
And fixes on Louisa's lip.

There tasting all the bloom of spring,
Wak'd by the ripening breath of May,
Th' ungrateful spoiler left his sting,
And with the honey flew away.

THE ASTRONOMER'S ROOM.

One day I call'd, and, *Philo* out,
I op'd the door, and look'd about;
When all his goods being full in view,
I took this inventory true:—

Item.—A bed without a curtain,
A broken jar to empty dirt in;
A three legg'd stool a four legg'd table.
Were fill'd with books unfit for rabble;
Sines, tangents, secants, radius, co-sines,
Subtangents, segments, and all those signs;
Enough to shew the man who made 'em
Was full as mad as he who read 'em:
An almanac of six years standing,
A cup with ink, and one with sand in;
One corner held his books and chest,
And round the floor he strew'd the rest;
That all things might be like himself,
He'd neither closet, drawer or shelf;
Here kettle, saucepan, broken platter,
Appear'd like heterogenious matter.
In ancient days the walls were white,
But who 'gainst damps and snails can fight?
They're now in wreathy ringlets bound,
Some square, some oval and some round;
The antiquarian there may find
Each hieroglyphic to his mind;
Such faces there may fancy trace,
As never yet knew time or place;
And he who studies maps or plans,
Has all the work done to his hands;
In short the goods, the room, and author,
Appear'd to be one made for t'other.

Scraps of Humour.

THE PASSAGE.

A malefactor in Newgate prison, was lately surprised, as he was searching the bible very attentively, by his visitor, a methodist preacher—"I am searching," said the felon, turning over the leaves, "for a passage which I cannot find." "Give it me," said the preacher, "I can find any passage." "Can you so," replied the criminal, "why then I wish you would find me a passage out of this prison."

THREE CAUSES.

Three gentlemen being in a coffee house, one called for a dram, because he was hot.—'Bring me another,' says his compainion, 'because I am cold.'—The third, who sat by and heard them, called out, 'Here boy, bring me a glass *because I like it.*'

To Readers & Correspondents.

Our 'unknown friend' will oblige us by making himself known, or by forwarding an explication of his paradox—for the present we must defer the insertion of his communication.

'Antipedant,' is requested to accept thanks for his elegant selected communication. He will confer increasing obligations by a continuance of favors.

Former correspondents are reminded that their favors will be cordially received and attended to with promptitude.

Hymeneal.

'Delightful state! to whom alone is given,
'On earth, to antedate the joys of heaven.

Married]—In Belleville, (Virg.) Dec. 3, Mr. James Wilson, of Newport, (Ohio,) to Miss Mary Prentiss, of the former place, and daughter of Capt. Prentiss, formerly of this town.

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